

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 227.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1836.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

MANY of our readers will recollect a paper in the 46th number of the present work, respecting Thomas Jenkins, a negro youth who dwelt many years in the neighbourhood of Hawick, and manifested a mental capacity and goodness of disposition which would have been surprising, under the circumstances, even in a Scottish peasant. It was not meant by that paper, nor by some notices subsequently presented respecting Lott Cary of America, and one or two other negro worthies, to insinuate that the white and dark races are upon the same native intellectual level, and that education and other circumstances operate all the difference which is observable between them. It would, we believe, be imprudent, however philanthropic, to attempt to establish this proposition, for it is inconsistent with truth, and can only tend to obstruct our arrival at a less ambitious, but still friendly and hopeful proposition respecting the negroes, which appears, both from their organisation and external manifestations of character, to be the only one that can be maintained. This is—that, in the mass, they are at present far behind the white races, but capable of being cultivated, in the course of successive generations, up to the same point; a small advance in each generation being all that can be achieved in the way of civilisation even among the white races, and being apparently the law of social progress. The negro intellect is, we believe, chiefly deficient in the reasoning powers and higher sentiments: these, though doubtless present in some rudimental form, could no more be called instantaneously into the same vigorous exercise in which we find them in Europe, than could the wild apple, by sudden transplantation to an orchard, be rendered into a pippin. They would require, in the first place, a species of tender nursing, to bring them into palpable existence. From infancy they would need to be fondled into childhood, from childhood trained into youth, and from youth cultivated into manhood. It is not a thin whitewash of European knowledge which will at once alter the features of the African mind. The work must be the work of ages, and those ages must be judiciously employed.

There is no fact more probative of this hypothesis, than the occasional appearance of respectable intellect, and the frequency of good dispositions, amongst the negroes. Such men as Jenkins and Cary at once close the mouths of those who, from ignorance or something worse, allege an absolute difference in specific character between the two races, and justify the consignment of the black to a fate which only proves the lingering barbarism of the white. Jenkins—we are now able to inform our readers—is a teacher of the highest eminence in the Mauritius, enjoying the respect of all around him, together with every other temporal blessing. And yet this gentleman, as he may well be called, if nature has her gentlemen as well as artificial society, was born and spent several of his earliest years amidst the tribes of Africa. We are now able to present an equally remarkable instance of negro intellect and virtue, which occurred in the last century.

In the year 1761, Mrs John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave-market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger, induced Mrs Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave

was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a stripe of dirty carpet. These things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands fortune had thrown the young African, and in a short time the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupations of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that, in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree as to read with ease the most difficult parts of the sacred writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and in future she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanour.

At this period, neither in the mother country nor in the colonies was much attention bestowed on the education of the labouring classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the mental cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa could afford. Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, *her mother poured out water before the rising sun*—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morn, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breakers-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land, where a light, unknown in her far off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family—admitted her to her own table—and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honours, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave-market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her genius, and overlooked in her favour all the disadvantages of caste and of colour. So far was Phillis from repining at or re-

senting the prejudices which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the minds even of the most humane of a more favoured race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the great and the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of colour, a child of a long-degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley: her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world seem to have been written. Her favourite author was Pope, and her favourite work the translation of the Iliad. It is not, of course, surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began, also, the study of the Latin tongue, and, if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The little piece following, is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise:—

Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each proudest, throne, and power is o'er,
The scene is ended, to return no more.
Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
How decked with laurel and enriched with gold!
Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
What shall my sympathising verse impart?
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look, gracious spirit! from the heavenly bower,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour:
The raging tempest of their griefs control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God.

The following passage on Sleep, from a poem of some length, On the Providence of God, shows a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression.

As reason's powers by day our God disclose,
So may we trace him in the night's repose.
Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
When action ceases and ideas range
Lascivious and unbound'd o'er the plains,
Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.
Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy;
Or pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The lab'ring passions struggle for a vent.
What power, Oh man! thy reason then restores,
So long suspended in nocturnal hours?
What secret hand returns* the mental train,
And gives improved thine active powers again?
From thee, Oh man! what gratitude should rise!
And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,
Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
How merciful our God, who thus imparts
Overflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot!

* Returns, a common colloquial error for restores.

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, and we believe that many will concur in it, that these lines, written by an African slave-girl, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others of "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." Phillis Wheatley's lines are if any thing superior in harmony, and are not inferior in depth of thought; the faults are those which characterise the models she copied from; for it must be recollect, that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown, and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style introduced with the second Charles, from the Continent of Europe. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro girl's poetry; since it required minds such as those of Cowper and Wordsworth to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigour and simplicity of their country's earlier verse.

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in every thing affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race, or colour. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home-government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder whence my love of freedom sprung;
Whence flow those wishes for the common good,
By feelings hearts alone best understood—
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.
What pangs excommunicating must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized his babe beloved:
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyranno sway!

A slight and rather curious defect of Phillis's intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of her memory, which, though it did not prevent her from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind lady provided a remedy for this, by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis's room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thoughts that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen, her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs. Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business. The amiable negro girl had hitherto never been parted from the side of her benefactress since the hour of her adoption into the family; and though the necessity of the separation was acknowledged, it was equally painful to both.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender falling tear
At sad departure's hour;
Not unregarding can I see
Her smile with grief oppress,
But let no sighs, no groans for me
Steal from her pensive breast.
* * *
Lo! Health appears, celestial dame
Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
With soul-delighting mien.

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society, and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them.* On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs. Wheatley in America, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming, "See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?" But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress's desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarkeed immediately for the land of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she had the melancholy pleasure of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother, and friend, whose husband and daughter soon sunk also into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded for ever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends, she received an offer of marriage from a respectable coloured man, of the name of Peters. In her desolate condition it would have been hard to have blamed

Phillis for accepting any offer of protection, of an honourable kind; yet it is pleasing to think, that, though the man whose wife she now became rendered her after-life miserable by his misconduct, our opinion of her is not lowered by the circumstances of her marriage. At the time it took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race; being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent, and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The war of independence began soon after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon after laid in one humble grave.

Thus perished a woman, who, by a fortunate accident, was rescued from the degraded condition to which those of her race who are brought to the slave-market are too often condemned, as if for the purpose of showing to the world what care and education could effect in elevating the character of the benighted African. The example is sufficient to impress us with the conviction, that, out of the countless millions to whom no similar opportunities have ever been presented, many, many might be found fitted by the endowments of nature, and wanting only the blessings of education, to make them ornaments, like Phillis Wheatley, not only to their race, but to humanity. This would probably be the case, we repeat, with many to whom nature had been liberal in her gifts, though we are convinced that it is only by time, and the improvement of generation after generation—every succeeding one advancing a step farther than the one before it—it is only by such a process as this, which experience shows to be the law of social progress, that the great bulk of the coloured races can, and will, be brought to an equality with their white brethren.

INFORMATION ABOUT MEDICINES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a former paper on the subject of medicines, the greater number of those remedies for diseases of the human body, which are absorbed into the system by means of the blood, were enumerated, and their mode of action explained, though want of space prevented any particular notice of those classes of remedies which are termed mechanical and chemical agents. It is difficult to separate these two kinds of medicinal agents from each other with any degree of correctness, though, upon the whole, the term Chemical appears to be the most proper one. They are generally ranged into five classes, caustics, astringents, antiseptics, antacids, and demulcents.

Caustics are a class of substances employed to create artificial sores or ulcers, for the purpose of relieving some deep-seated malady. The operation of caustics is considered chemical, being the result of some attraction between the animal body and the substance employed. The same action takes place on the application of caustics to a portion of the dead subject. Where suppuration is going on in any internal part, they are exceedingly useful in creating a drain on the surface of the body. The principal caustics employed in medicine, are potas, blue vitriol, nitrate of silver, arsenic, and some preparations of mercury. The nitrate of silver, or lunar caustic, is the substance in most common use.

Astringents.—The action of this class of medicines is rather obscure. Their power appears to depend in a great measure on the presence of the principle called tannin, and they produce their effect by bringing into closer contact the particles of the body to which they are applied, without, in other respects, affecting its mechanical structure. They are believed to be often of service in restoring tone to the stomach, and it is evident that their astringency will be of great advantage when any laxity of the surface of that organ exists. All the vegetable astringents contain tannin, and those most generally employed are gall-nuts, catechu, kino, oak bark, and logwood. A number of the acids, and some of the salts, those particularly in which the acid preponderates over its base, as in alum, which is a compound of vitriol and the earth alumina, possess astringent properties, although they contain no tannin.

Some of the metallic salts, as superacetate of lead (sugar of lead), and sulphate of zinc (white vitriol), are ranked in this class. Cold is also direct astringent, and is often employed in this character with great advantage in checking bleedings.

Antiseptics, though still ranked as a distinct class of medicines, are very little trusted to now-a-days. They were great favourites with the ancients, and were supposed to possess the property of resisting putrefaction, or that tendency to mortification which sometimes appears towards the termination of fevers and other complaints. Peruvian bark is commonly believed to have antiseptic qualities, and, with the exception of alcohol and vinegar, is the only drug of this class worthy of notice.

Antacids.—The stomach of many individuals is liable to a continued conversion of their food, particularly vegetable food, to a species of acid, which produces the annoying feeling called heartburn. This acid may be neutralised by any of the earths or alkalies, and the process of relief, as was mentioned in a former paper, is as purely chemical as if it were performed in a glass of water for experiment. The three alkalies, potass, soda, and ammonia, the alkaline earth magnesia, and carbonate of lime (chalk), are the most useful medicines of this description. The relief obtained from them is, as might be expected, merely temporary, since they do not prevent the generation of the acid anew.

Demulcents are a class of medicinal agents, the operation of which seems entirely mechanical. A poultice is applied externally to soften an inflamed or irritated part, and, with exactly the same views, are demulcents used to soothe any irritation of the alimentary canal. Solutions of gum, and syrups, with barley water, and other farinaceous drinks, are employed for this purpose. Iceland moss (*Lichen islandicus*), liquorice root, almonds, sugar, marshmallow, and others, are included in the class of demulcents.

These are all the classes of medicines that can be said to have a chemical or mechanical action on the stomach; and to complete this brief view of the principal articles used in medical practice, of the order in which they are arranged, and the nature of their action, some account may be given of rubefacients, as they are called from reddening or inflaming the skin, and of blisters.

The extremities of the vessels which convey the blood from the heart over the body, are supposed, when they terminate on the skin, to divide into minute tubes, one kind of which carries the red globules, and another the colourless serum of the blood. When strong stimulants, such as mustard or Spanish flies, are applied to the skin, they are supposed to excite these minute vessels so powerfully, that those which contain serum become filled with red globules. This can only be produced during an extraordinary flow of blood to the part, and is the cause of the redness consequent on the application of mustard cataplasmas or blisters. A blister is simply a rubefacient allowed to remain on the skin until a deeper layer of it becomes affected, and pus or serum exudes. Like caustics, blisters are exceedingly useful in substituting superficial inflammatory action for one existing in some deeper and more dangerous seat. The principal substances employed in exciting cutaneous inflammation, are Spanish flies, mustard, tartarised antimony, ammonia, turpentine, and a few other drugs of a stimulant nature. The Spanish flies are almost exclusively used in blistering, and mustard, as a rubefacient, is held in a similar degree of estimation.

The principal medicines employed at the present day for the alleviation or cure of disease, have been now enumerated, in an arrangement which may show their several properties and modes of operation. The information in this paper, and in the preceding one on the same subject, will have the effect, we humbly imagine, of dissipating some portion of that veil of mysticism which enveloped the art of medicine, and of showing what are the rational objects to be expected from the action of drugs upon the animal frame. There are at present two injurious opinions prevalent in the world on this subject, both of which are entertained alike by the ignorant and by the enlightened, and which are equally at variance with the truth, and noxious in their consequences. The first of these opinions is, that the science of medicine is from beginning to end a deception, that medical men are as much in the dark as their patients with regard to the cause and nature of disease, and are consequently quite unable to provide a remedy. This opinion is generally to be found, in its greatest strength, among those who set themselves up as free-thinkers on all subjects, and is the natural result of the mystery which has for ages degraded the art of medicine and obscured its true object; for wherever there is mystery, a belief in, and dread of, chicanery ensues. Enlightened men are more liable, upon the whole, than the ignorant, to imbibe this feeling of distrust. One of the most elegant writers of the day, for example, bitterly and satirically defines medicine to be "the practice of pouring substances of which nothing is known, into bodies of which still less is known." This is merely satire, it may be said; but satire is seldom attempted, and never becomes current, unless it is directed against a thing which is supposed to deserve it. An opinion of this kind of course leads the person who holds it to regard the regular physician and the empiric as upon a level, and to look upon the prescriptions of the one as equally contemptible, or, in other words, equally valuable,

* The likeness is a profile. The countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing, and the form of her head highly intellectual.

with those of the other. The second opinion, which we alluded to as being prevalent in the world, is directly the reverse of the first, and is more common amongst the ignorant, than amongst the intelligent part of mankind. It is a belief in the boundless powers of medicine, which leads those who entertain it to treat their bodies as if these had been designed by nature merely as receptacles for drugs. This opinion tends also to render those who hold it a prey to every successive nostrum that knavery and quackery can invent. It is based upon the very same foundation as the opposite opinion, namely, the mysticism that obscures the true objects and powers of medicine, for, with some minds, whatever is dark and mysterious, becomes invested with supernatural qualities and powers.

The persons who thus consider the art of medicine as unlimited in its powers, and believe that the body can never be in a proper state unless under the influence of some drug, are generally those who pore over all the medical books they can get hold of, and imagine themselves successively to be the subjects of every disease described. As it would be too expensive to employ every day of their lives a regular physician, they acquire the habit of prescribing for themselves, or of trusting to the prescriptions of an empiric. If these persons perceive, for example, that inflammation in the side is described as characterised by pain in that region, they immediately become alarmed on account of some pain which has troubled them for some time in that quarter, and fly to bleeding and blistering, while, probably, the pain which they felt was merely the consequence of a little flatulence, or wind on the stomach. A regular medical man, or any person acquainted with the subject, would have informed them that a chain of symptoms was necessary to establish the fact of inflammation of the side, pain being more or less a characteristic of almost all diseases. By thus observing a prominent symptom in every disease, and imagining their own weakened frames to present an example of it, it is not uncommon, as we said, for persons of this turn of mind to conceive themselves affected in succession with all the ills that flesh is heir to. Finding an enumeration of remedies accompanying the descriptions of diseases in the books they read, they try medicine after medicine, till they impair their bodily powers, and create diseases where none originally existed. Sometimes this method of self-drugging, and self-killing, is varied by a mania, equally destructive, that leads them to the trial and use of all the pretended remedies which ignorant empirics foist so unremittingly upon the world. Those knavish gentlemen, generally termed quacks, know thoroughly the points upon which the success of their gulling depends, and accordingly publish imaginary letters addressed to themselves, descriptive of cases in which their invaluable medicine, in the form of drops, pills, powders, or elixirs, "has been of incalculable service." These cases embrace every disease, and every symptom of disease, under the sun; and the infatuated beings who read and trust to them, find always some fictitious case of cure, which appears to resemble their own complaint, and accordingly are deceived into the purchase of the "invaluable medicine." Were these quackeries simply impositions upon the credulous of a harmless drug as a valuable one, the evil would not be so great; but exceedingly few of them have so much merit as to be innocuous. On the contrary, the records of the criminal courts tell a fearful tale of cruelty, punished in many instances by death. The examples of this are so notorious as to need no further notice, and we hope that they will make a lasting impression on the public mind. Were people only to consider, moreover, how excessively inconsistent with each other are the numerous purposes which these quack medicines affect to serve, how improbable it is that men ignorant of the structure and diseases of the body should have discovered remedies which have baffled the search of those who have studied the frame deeply, and have mastered all the accumulated knowledge of preceding ages on the subject—if they consider these and many similar arguments, certainly so much credulity would not be evinced on a subject affecting so deeply the comfort and even the existence of man.

It is not with a view to increase the number of those who tamper, in the way described, with medicines, that these papers have been published in our Journal. If such should be the consequence of the information they contain, no one would deplore it more sincerely than ourselves; but we confidently hope that, as far as their humble influence extends, the result will be very different. Those to whom the action of medicines on the system is a mystery, may fly to the quack for a nostrum, or try to discover one themselves; but those who have given the subject so much attention as to be aware that the action of medicinal substances on the body is as varied as the disorders which they are applied to remedy, and at the same time to a great extent demonstrable and intelligible—those who are possessed of this knowledge will scout the idea of an universal panacea, and despise the quack and his nostrums, while at the same time their confidence in the man who has devoted his days to the consideration and relief of disease, will be increased tenfold, since they are assured that his objects and his plans are consonant to the soundest principles of true science, of reason, and of common sense.

We have just one word of advice to give in conclusion, and it is this. When any one feels him or herself afflicted with a complaint any way beyond a very

slight indisposition, let them at once, and without a moment's delay, send for a regular and skilful medical attendant, to whom let them communicate freely the state of their feelings, as well as what has been their previous course of life. Every hour they postpone the execution of this necessary duty, they increase in an immense ratio the chance of premature dissolution; indeed, it is our firm belief, founded on very sad experience, that one-half of the deaths which occur might for the time be averted, were proper medical advice to be sought for and attended to at the outset of diseases. The grand error in most people, consists in "putting off sending for the doctor" till it be too late; and hence many valuable members of happy social circles—fathers, husbands, mothers, sons, and daughters—are snatched away in the bloom or prime of life, leaving friends and relatives to mourn over the grave of their disappointed hopes.

THE VANDERLINS, A STORY OF THE EARLY EMIGRANTS.

EARLY in the last century, Jacob Vanderlin, a Dutchman, and others of his countrymen, equally wealthy, chartered the good ship *Palatine*, at Hamburg, to convey themselves, their families, and effects, to Pennsylvania. There were in all thirty persons, one-half of whom were females. Those were the days of the Buccaneers, and the name of Kidd was the terror of all who had business on the great deep. Vanderlin and his colleagues had therefore been careful to procure a well-armed ship, and had enjoined upon Captain Horner to engage a faithful and effective crew. In a few days the captain informed them that all was ready. His first and second officers were indeed strangers to him, but they had come recommended by the first commercial house in Amsterdam; his third was young Reynolds, an Englishman, and his own adopted son. His crew, picked men, selected by his mates from every maritime nation in Europe, were thirty-five strong sea-dogs, every man among them a match for Kidd himself.

Encouraged by this flattering account, the conclusion of which, at least, was true, but not in the sense that the captain intended, they at length set sail, and Mary Vanderlin saw through her tears the low verdant shores of the Netherlands, for the first and last time, sink behind the waters. Mary was one of the fairest flowers that grew on the banks of the Elbe, and never could have survived this removal from her native soil, but for the presence of those whose smile was her sun. Her father and mother were with her, and one other, with whom she would have been content to bloom and blush unseen in a desert. This was young Reynolds, the son of an English merchant, and nephew of Horner. Left independent by his father, he had made several voyages with his uncle, rather to gratify his love of roving than from any pecuniary necessity, or to learn the science of navigation. He had for some time known Mary Vanderlin, and worshipped her at a distance, as a being worthy of his most affectionate regards. Having converted a part of his estate into money, and obtained from his uncle the berth which he held on board the *Palatine*, he was now following the star of his destiny to the western world.

We pass over an interval of five weeks, and present to our readers the *Palatine* becalmed in the middle of the Atlantic. There seemed something unnatural in that calm. The winds had stopped, twelve days before, as if strangled—the sea became motionless, as if frozen to the bottom. The burning August sun had wheeled, day after day, over a hard arid sky, and set, without a vapour on the horizontal air to soften the intensity of his beams, or to adorn the twilight. Silence and immensity, a liquid Sahara, and their ship chained in the midst of it, were all that fell upon the senses of our hapless voyagers.

It was the twelfth day of the calm. The sun was dropping towards the sea, as to his grave. A large group was collected on the *Palatine's* deck. A melancholy change had passed upon them. Five weeks before, their faces were as bright as health and hope could make them, and they had left their port amid cheers and salutes. Now they were pale and emaciated. A great part of their provisions had, in some unaccountable way, become spoiled—a malignant fever was in the cabin and steerage, and they were now met at a funeral. The disease, which was of the most virulent type, had not yet reached those parts of the ship inhabited by the sailors, and the bluff tars stood looking on with a grim indifference, that contrasted strangely with the saddened looks of the passengers. Vanderlin was there with the fever spot upon his cheek, and on his arm leaned his daughter, looking him in the face like the spirit of health; for hitherto she had walked amid the pestilence, like an angel of light, untouched and seatheless. The mournful rite proceeded; the last deep prayer was said, and the body of the veteran commander of the *Palatine* glided into the depths of the sea. Wide waving circles moved upon the glassy waters, and soon seemed to call up an answering and counter ripple from the eastern bound of the horizon.

"Square the yards!" shouted a harsh voice; "our Jonah's gone at last, and here comes a breeze." The passengers turned with indignation and amazement at this unfeeling speech. Their eyes met the demoniacal glance of Mark Dusenbach, late first officer, now master, of the *Palatine*. His square brawny form was planted on the quarter-deck, and his orders were

delivered with clearness and authority, while the sailors braced round the yards, and gave to the breeze the full volume of the sail. The passengers felt that they, as well as the ship, had a new master; and, quailing before glances which they could neither understand nor brook, they retired each to his place in the cabin or steerage.

Well had Captain Horner said that his first officer was a match for Kidd himself: he was a genius in wickedness. He had sailed under Kidd till the common atrocities of piracy had palled upon his appetite; and he left the service, determined to do something refined and original. He entered the merchant service in Holland, and, being an accomplished seaman, was soon able to procure the credentials that gained him his place on board the *Palatine*. He had heard of the proposed emigration, and the fiend of his heart had whispered that now at last was the golden opportunity to give scope to his genius, and gather laurels on an untried field. The second mate was a creature of his own, and the crew, whom he as chief mate had enlisted, were indeed *picked* men. Already he and his myrmidons had produced the deadly disease on board, which he calculated would soon carry off without violence the whole of the passengers. In the death of Horner, the only obstacle to his operations was removed. Triumph swelled his form as he strode the quarter-deck. He beckoned to him Dusenbach, his second in command. "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," remarked the piratical villain. "Wind!" said Dusenbach, "never talk of wind after such a beautiful calm. It has been better for our purpose than all the industry we could have used. Only think that old Horner should have been the first to take the fever." "So much the better, Mr Dusenbach," said the captain; "are the men ripe?" "Dead ripe!" said Dusenbach. "But Reynolds?" "Oh, he is dead ripe also. He laughed and jumped with delight when I let him a little into the plot of our comedy." "Tragedy you mean—but never mind, it's all one. I am glad Reynolds is to join us. He is clever, and may be useful. But take care of the rest, and I have no doubt they will all be done for in a few days." Such was the discourse that passed between these two accomplished wretches, who were dead to every tender feeling, and savagely contemplated the speedy extinction of the ill-fated passengers and proprietors of the vessel and cargo. It is here necessary to explain, that young Reynolds had from motives of policy appeared to assent to the designs of Dusenbach, and resolved to watch an opportunity of rescuing Mary Vanderlin and her friends from the death which awaited them.

For six days more did the ship beat up and down the New England seas, daily committing to the waves some two or three of the unhappy victims, till there were not more than six or eight half-famished wretches left, most of whom were deeply tainted with disease. Sometimes when they were allowed to come on deck to witness the sea burial of a companion, they would catch a glimpse of the blue land of promise, and they would weep and wring their hands, and, in the most piteous accents, entreat to be set on shore. But Dusenbach was not yet ready to go into port.

Vanderlin lay in his berth, clasping the hands of his wife and child. "You are sick—you are dying," said he, tenderly; "let the wretches have all, so they will save us."

"Never!" said his high-spirited wife; "they shall have my life first!" "And father's, mother?" said Mary, in an agony of tears. Madam Vanderlin's lip quivered, but she answered firmly, "What will it avail, my husband? They must and will have our lives. It is necessary to their safety, and this they knew when they commenced their horrid system. The ministering angel whose care has thus far kept life in us, has told us that nothing short of a miracle can save us: some of the crew have taken the fever; they must go into port soon; they cannot take us with them. Soon, therefore, disease, or their knives, must end us!" "You say truly," said the mournful voice of Reynolds, who at that moment softly entered the cabin; "but," and he knelt beside Mary, and clasped her passionately to his heart, "living or dying, we will go hence together."

That very day, at evening, the body of Vanderlin was committed to the waves. His wife took his place in the sick berth. Then it was that Mary's fortitude forsook her. "Oh, to be left alone!" was her bitter cry. Again her guardian angel was at her side, and repeated his vow to die with her. She wept upon his faithful bosom, and for a moment was relieved. But suddenly she raised her head wildly. "You die!" she exclaimed; "surely, surely, you can escape." "Alas! dear Mary, I am not the ruffian I am forced to appear on deck. Let us hope that some favourable circumstance will occur to release us from this frightful charnel-house. At any rate, we shall not be separated."

Want and disease had now reached the crew, and they began to murmur. There still existed in the cabin two witnesses of their atrocities, and in the steerage six. Dusenbach pondered long and deeply upon the shedding of blood, and the glances of his malignant eye became hourly more baleful. But a power was gathering in the air to hasten the consumption of his crimes, and to work an appalling change in the aspect of our narrative.

The vessel, which had been wilfully kept sailing to and fro on wrong tacks, was now approaching the

shores of Block Island, a small sterile piece of land near the coast of New England, about twenty miles south-east of Philadelphia. This poor little island was at this period inhabited by a few families who ostensibly lived by fishing, but whose principal occupation was decoying vessels on shore during storms, and afterwards plundering them of their contents.

"Twill be a miracle if this northeaster don't bring us a windfall," said John Dory, one of the ringleaders of the wreckers, to a party of hard-looking fellows on the outermost beach of Block Island, looking out upon the sea, which maddened and drove to the shore with a violence rarely witnessed even on that weather-beaten coast. It grew darker and darker, and the party, with discontented looks, were retiring, when a distant heavy sound came floating with the blended mist and spray down on the fierce northeaster. They stopped with ears erect. Again and again it came, booming heavily on the night wind. " 'Tis a signal of distress!" cried John Dory; "now three to the lights and three to my pilot-boat!" In a few minutes three fires were lighted at as many different points, and a boat, with John on board to act as pilot for the vessel, was seen stealing out of the little harbour into the thick darkness of the ocean. The signal guns continued to be heard at intervals for several hours, as the ship neared the coast.

"Are you sure of your bearing, pilot?" shouted the anxious voice of Dusenbach, through the din of the tempest. "Ay, ay, sir!" said the voice of John Dory out of the top of his huge jacket; "the larboard light and the further light bear dead upon the reef." "Keep her away, then," cried the excited captain. "And the starboard light and the further light in a line, brings us into smooth water, and soft bottom. A leetle more—luff now, luff! So—steady."

But a broad phosphorescent glare now appeared on their weather bow, towards which the ship, bowed low with her side to the wind, was furiously dashing. "Pilot, are you sure, very sure?" cried the almost distracted captain of the *Palatine*. "Very sure, sir. The starboard light—" "Confound your lights, sir. What is that there forward? Don't I see—don't I hear breakers? Keep her away!" he shouted with all the might of his lungs; "away with her—away!" and he sprang to the helm himself, and put it hard up. The ship made a rapid sweep, and once more darted off before the wind. The next moment she stopped with a shock that made her quiver in every timber, and nearly sent the masts by the board. "She's struck!" screamed the captain, grinding his teeth with madness. "Rig a noose in the main-top-gallant halyards, and run up this scoundrelly pilot who has led us to destruction."

"Look you, master captain," said Dory, very calmly, "you may save yourself the trouble. Do you think me such a fool as to come out in a night like this for the mere honour of being shipwrecked in your company?" "A'n't there the reef?" said the bewildered captain, "and wan't you steering the ship dead upon it?" "To be sure it is—to be sure I was. The channel lies close under the lee of the rocks—it a'n't wider than an Indian track—but I can make a ship walk it the darkest night that ever fell. But you drove the pilot from the helm, and here we are." "Where?" cried Dusenbach. "Why, dead in a sand-bank, inside the Horse-Shoe reef."

Day was now slowly breaking, and soon showed them their real situation. Within a short mile under their lee, the shore was dimly discernible through the mist, and upon it numerous figures of men, whom expectation, arising from their confidence in Dory's *pilotage*, had kept waiting on the beach all night. The ship was stranded on a sand-bank within a semi-circular reef, and hardly a cable's length to leeward of the breakers. She was thus tolerably well defended from the assaults of the sea, save when some gigantic breaker acquired headway sufficient to overleap the barrier of rocks, and to pitch headlong on her deck and sides. This soon became frequent. The wind rose with the sun, and there raged a furious gale. Wave after wave dashed upon the devoted ship with the force of cataracts. All her boats were swept away—not one could come off from the island, and even John Dory began to cast anxious glances landward. "How long will she last, think you, pilot?" said Dusenbach. "Why, I have known a ship thumped to pieces a little farther out in about four hours."

But the *Palatine* stood it wonderfully. The clank of the pump-brake was indeed heard incessantly, and she seemed settling still deeper into the sands; the "four hours" had expired, and the storm was gradually abating. At length the sun set, and the tempest, as if its errand were accomplished, gathered up its clouds and vanished. A brisk southwester sprang up, and several boats from the island came alongside.

Released from the absorbing and imminent dangers of the last twenty-four hours, Dusenbach's mind had now leisure to return to its former plans and fears. The bows were badly stove; the ship must be abandoned that very night; if left standing, the islanders must needs come on board, and there were yet eight tongues to publish the foulest crime ever committed on land or sea. He took his resolution—a resolve sufficiently horrid. He determined, after removing the valuables out of the ship, to burn her, and with her the eight living witnesses of his atrocities. He communicated this to Dunscomb and Reynolds. Although Reynolds was convinced that Dory had purposely cast the ship away, and consequently distrusted

him exceedingly, yet he could not let this only opportunity of reaping the reward of his painful and masterly dissimulation, and of saving a life far dearer than his own, pass unimproved. He had therefore very cautiously informed him of the real character of Dusenbach and his crew, and the dreadful fate that awaited the passengers. Dory, half freebooter as he was, was astounded at the information.

"Whew!" said he, "but this beats all nater. I am glad of it, for I thought we were going to be a little *too* bad!" A hurried consultation then took place between them. It was now quite dark, and the boats were ready to put off. "I will leave my boat under the ship's stern, captain," said Dory; "from the look of her bows, you may have need of one before we return."

Twenty of the crew now went on shore in the boats to protect the property, and Reynolds was sent forward to examine the bows. He went reluctantly, for he felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand.

Dusenbach strode the deck with a hurried step and a gloomy brow. A new thought was cast up in his storm-tossed soul. "Better make all snug at once," said he mentally; and he beckoned to him three grim-looking fellows, and gave them some order in a whisper. Two of them entered the steerage—need it be told for what purpose? The work of death was speedily accomplished. The third assassin proceeded to the cabin, where Mary Vanderlin and her mother alone remained alive, though in a state of extreme weakness from the effects of the storm and anxiety of mind. By the light of a solitary lamp, Mary was seen kneeling by her sick mother in the attitude of prayer. Her eyes met the assassin's as he entered, and charmed by their basilean influence, remained fixed on him in mute horror. He paused—he attempted to approach; still her eye followed him. The wretch was paralysed, and he could not execute his deadly purpose. At length he turned abruptly, and fled to a distant part of the vessel. At this moment Reynolds was returning from the fore part of the ship. He saw the cabin door open, and a figure emerge and quickly disappear, armed with a knife. Despair shot through his brain and heart; but the next instant he darted like lightning down the steps into the cabin. Mary was lying apparently lifeless, but without external injury.

"Mary—dearest—mine in life and death," cried he passionately, lifting her in his arms, "be yourself now." "I am prepared to die," said Mary, opening her eyes. "But life, Mary! for life now, dearest!" cried he, bearing her towards the cabin window. With a hurried hand he removed the dead-light, and the broad face of John Dory appeared at the window.

"Softly, lad; quick, and softly!" said he, receiving from Reynolds his burden, and carefully laying her down in the boat. In about a minute more, Madame Vanderlin and Reynolds were safely on board, the fastening loosed, and the boat suffered to drift clear of the ship. The sails were then hoisted, and she was put upon the wind towards the shore. What language can do justice to the feelings of the mother and child, when the waking certainty, the blessed reality of this wonderful escape, came home full upon their hearts—an escape from such horrors! They wept, they prayed, they poured out their warm and grateful feelings to their deliverer Dory.

"Well, ma'am, well," said Dory, "it was 'cutely done, that's certain—almost as well as my piloting last night; and I hope 'twill go somewhat towards balancing a heavy score I have been running up on the wrong side of the great account-book, and to which I fear there will be some items added before morning."

"Well, Captain Reynolds," continued Dory, "as they rapidly neared the shore, 'here are your trunks, you see, and some of madam's, I suppose, from the initials; I was careful to have them stowed in *my* boat, to which, as they were putting off, I silly added myself. And now I'm thinking you had better not land on the island at all. Block Islanders are wreckers, and there are things to be done yet, to which we don't want to have any 'long-shore witnesses.'" "But Dusenbach, what is to be done with him?" said Reynolds. "Leave him to John Dory and a Block Island court-martial," said the islander; "his punishment shall be seen from here to Nantucket. But here we are, near the point. If you leave the boat at Tucker's wharf, at Newport, I shall get her again; so good bye. Here's a smooth sea, fair breeze, and bright starlight, and yonder's *Sekonnet* light."

Early the next morning the boat entered Newport harbour. The little party, the sole survivors out of all the passengers of the *Palatine*, tarried in that place till the health of Madame Vanderlin was entirely restored. The hands of Reynolds and his Mary were then united in the bonds of wedlock; and then, as if anxious to remove as far as possible from the sea, associated as it was with such dreadful recollections, they retired far west, into the interior of Pennsylvania, and purchased a tract of land, on which their numerous descendants still live.

Return we to the *Palatine*. It was "deep midnight." So busy had been the crew and islanders, that almost every thing of value was already on shore. Three boats, however, were still alongside, and fifteen of the crew still on board. Of these, five were sick *down forward*, six were still rummaging the hold for valuables, and four were at the halyards, ready to hoist up whatever they might find. John Dory and six or eight Block Islanders were lounging lazily near the main hatch, and none of them, except Dory, seemed

to take any interest in what was going forward. However and anon approached and looked down the hatchway. Dusenbach superintended the whole in person.

"What have they got hold of now?" at length said Dory. All hands clustered round the hatchway, and stood looking down into the hold with eager expectation. Quick as thought, Dory tripped Dusenbach's heels, and hurled him head foremost down below. His men accompanied him, for Dory's associates had most ably seconded their leader. The hatches were closed and barred, and every avenue to the inner parts of the vessel locked. There was a running up and down the decks for a few minutes, and then the boats put off. But ere they reached the shore, three heavy columns of smoke rose from the *Palatine*, and in a few minutes after, the whole ship was a mass of flames.

The fate of those of the crew that landed is soon told. After a bloody battle over the spoils, in which many fell on both sides, a parley was held, and the few surviving sailors were not only spared, but admitted to all the rights of islandship. Their ill-gotten wealth, however, as might have been expected, did not lead to comfort or happiness, but was rather the cause of incessant broils and mental anguish. After a certain time they could not endure the sight of each other; and some of them, as if determined to remove as far as possible from their companions in crime, loaded their boats, and removed to different points of the main coast. There, hard drinking, to drown the horrors of conscience, soon ended their days. At last only three remained on the island, and to these the curse of a miserable existence was extended to a preternatural old age.

[Abridged from "The Lady's Book;" Philadelphia, 1832.]

THE PERIODICAL RECURRENCE OF FEELINGS.

WHEN English apple-trees were first taken to Canada—we speak from hearsay, and not from actual knowledge—they blossomed much too early for the late springs of North America, and had, in consequence, their blossoms nipt, and rendered fruitless by the frosts. After a few years, however, they became accustomed to the climate, and learned, if we may say so, to blow sufficiently late to escape the nipping spring frosts, and to produce good, nay, excellent fruit—some say the best apples in the world. Gardeners, by producing artificial climates, can, in some degree, change the periods of blooming—cold, shade, and dryness retarding, and heat, sun-light, and moisture, accelerating, the effect. But the fact to which we wish to call particular attention, is the strong artificial measures which must be resorted to, in order to change the periodical habit of budding or blowing at a particular season.

How strikingly soever these effects may appear in trees and plants, they are much more so in animals, and particularly in man. A person accustomed to dine at four o'clock, does not usually incline to eat about two o'clock; while one accustomed to dine at two, will be uncomfortable if he have to wait till four. Sleep is no less illustrative of the principle than hunger; and every body must have remarked how regularly they have awakened within a few minutes of the same time, for days and weeks together, till some circumstance occurred to change the exact time of awakening. Now, though we may not be able to give a satisfactory account of this remarkable periodicity in our feelings and actions, we can derive from it most useful lessons applicable to habits of conduct, and still more to the groundwork of education, physical as well as moral; for the principle seems to apply to mental as well as corporeal matters.

To begin with infancy: If good habits be early formed, they will, by reason of the periodicity above illustrated, remain long in effective operation. For example, put an infant to bed at a certain hour and minute from the first week of its life, and in all ordinary cases of good health, rocking in cradles, and singing to sleep, will be altogether unnecessary; and while the mother or the nurse is thus saved a world of trouble, the infant itself will at the same time be saved from the irritation and teasing caused by the irregular and hurtful practices which cannot be too strongly reprobated. We have seen children, and those by no means of strong constitutions, reared upon the principles recommended, without causing the loss of five minutes' sleep to their mother for five years consecutively. Being always put to bed at a precise minute, they fell asleep instantly, and uniformly awoke very nearly at the same time. When older, they never wished to sit up to supper, or because visitors were in the house, and amusements going forward; but as soon as the clock struck seven, eight, or nine, their fixed hour of bed-time, off they ran to enjoy their sound and regular sleep.

If a child, then, be put to bed at its regular hour and minute—even five minutes sooner or later would be wrong—it will infallibly sleep, if it be well; if it be not put to bed at its regular hour, we have no right to expect it to sleep, no more than we have to expect it to walk the first week of its life. Dandling and singing a child to sleep is part of the same bad management as coaxing and cajoling it when it cries; and, accordingly, it will be found that there is not one child in a thousand who has been sung to sleep when a mere infant, that will not cry and squall when put to bed every night for four or five years after it can walk.

The same principles apply with equal force to eating and drinking; for as regular sleep at fixed hours is found to be very conducive to health, by according with the laws of periodicity, regular meals at fixed hours are equally so. The contrast will be found most striking between a family of children kept rigidly to regularity in these respects, and another family where all is irregular from mistaken indulgence or some other cause. In the family above referred to, in which the children were sent so punctually to bed, they had their meals with equal punctuality to the very hour, when they were allowed to eat as much as they chose, but no luncheons between meals were permitted—no odd pieces of bread and butter, nor cakes to derange the periodicity of digestion, and the certain periodicity of hunger. It has already been remarked, that these children were of weakly rather than robust constitutions, inheriting a tendency to consumption; and we have no doubt whatever that they were brought to a state of good health, chiefly, if not solely, by careful attention to regularity, and, consequently, though this might not be contemplated, to the periodicity which appears to have so much influence over us.

Another family which we know well, has had the health of many fine children quite ruined by a directly opposite course. The parents of this family are both very robust, hard-working people, with abundance, we might say profusion, of food at their command, and the children, while unweaned, are all fine strong healthy babies, because there is less chance of wrong feeding so long as the mother's breast supplies all the nutriment. But no sooner do these infants begin to partake of the common fare of the house, than all sorts of irregularities occur. From the indulgent disposition of the mother, they have whatever they ask for at any time of the day. And mark the consequences: from being strong healthy babies, admired by all who saw them, they begin to lose flesh, and become flabby; the fresh colour of the skin grows pale and dead-like, the eyes become dull, the walk is unsteady from the weakness of the limbs, and the poor unfortunate victims of irregularity are pronounced, by all who see them, to be ricketty.

We have given these two examples as strongly illustrative of the principles advocated as occurring within our own knowledge; but we doubt not, that every one who reads this could furnish others of a similar kind, more or less strongly marked, according to peculiar circumstances. If we have been successful in putting the matter in a convincing point of view, we hope few of our family readers, not previously aware of the great utility of attending to the laws of periodicity, will hesitate to put our principles to the test of a fair trial, of at least a month's duration. The truth and importance of the views advocated, will in this way be made to appear more convincingly than either book or verbal arguments could render them.

The periodicity of sleep and hunger only, however, pertain to the body, while the same laws apply with equal force to mental habits. Sir Walter Scott, who understood human nature well, gives a good illustration of this in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, in the Laird of Dumbiedykes visiting the cottage of Douce David Deans so regularly, that, when Deans flicted to Edinburgh, the laird, influenced by the periodicity of his visit, could not bring himself to believe the removal had taken place, and repaired at his usual hour to the cottage. Every one, also, has heard of the old retired naval officer, who fitted up quarter-deck in his garden, wherein to promenade, no other space for walking being correspondent to his long-maintained habits on ship-board.

All of us have felt in some degree this periodicity of feeling, which at times becomes so importunate, if thwarted, as to produce considerable discomfort; and when the accustomed visit, the accustomed walk, or any other regularly recurring circumstance, is interrupted, a fidgety restlessness is the consequence, which, however, only continues a short time; for should the wish not be gratified by the recurrence of the periodical circumstance, the restless feeling gradually decreases till it dies off, in the same way as hunger coming on at its periodical hour, will, though not satis-

tified, gradually become less urgent; and sleepiness will do the same.

The application of these principles in training up a child in the way he should go, is even of more importance, perhaps, than the attention which we have so urgently advised to the laws of periodicity, so far as the body is concerned. The actions which are done periodically for a number of days or weeks, soon establish a periodicity of desire to repeat them at the same time; and when such actions are important or useful, the benefits arising from such periodicity must be considerable. Here the regularity of attention to the hour and minute of sleeping and eating in children, besides its effects on the body, must also tell upon the mental affections, and co-operate with other regular habits of attending to school-hours, and the like. This regularity, indeed, is perhaps one of the greatest benefits which a school education confers on the greater number of children, though it is rarely, if ever, calculated upon by parents or teachers.

It is in a great measure owing to the periodicity of feeling and action, that confirmed bad habits, such as smoking or drinking, are established. If a man, for example, take to smoking tobacco at certain hours, the first thing in the morning or the last thing at night, within a week or so the periodical desire to repeat the whiff will gradually creep on, till at length it will become ungovernable, and the man will be a confirmed smoker. Should he at any time wish to give up the practice, the periodicity of feeling which he has established creates an inordinate craving, and throws him into a most unhappy state of feverish restlessness, exceedingly difficult to allay. The same state of distressing irritation attends the habitual snuff-taker on his attempting to give up his wonted indulgence—no amusement can make him forget the want of his dearly-beloved pinch—his nose is affected with an unquenchable hunger for its usual aliment—and so keen does the desire become, or rather so weak is the judgment in quelling the passion, that rather than suffer longer such a famine, he will inhale the pungent smell of pepper, mustard, or any other fiery ingredient which may come in his way. Hence, few snuff-takers ever permanently abandon their firmly contracted habits, and finally die “slaves of the box.”

Now, as it is so difficult, often impossible, to interrupt or change the course of any long-established periodicity of feeling or of action, the greatest care ought to be taken to avoid any bad habits establishing themselves periodically. But even when bad habits have obtained a periodical footing, firm resolution and some perseverance may be brought to counteract them, not, however, so much by resisting the periodical desire, as endeavouring to establish some other periodical action or feeling, to oppose and counteract the one which it may be wished to eradicate.

It is evidently owing to the established periodicity of actions and feelings, that those who retire from active business almost uniformly fail in finding the comforts and enjoyment they had anticipated. It is not many years since an eminent surgeon, having accumulated a handsome fortune, retired to an estate in the country, to enjoy the fruits of his professional success, but he soon grew weary of farming and gardening, and improving inanimate objects, so different from his periodical visits to his patients; and his professional ideas recurring and re-recurring, he at length betook himself to the hopeless experiment of bringing old jaded horses into condition. He might as well have tried to rejuvenise himself into second boyhood or youth; and as all unsuccessful experiments, when often fruitlessly tried, end in tiring out the experimenter, he soon abandoned the hopeless attempt. But what was he to do with his time? Farming, gardening, architectural and other improvements, had all been successively abandoned. He had no other resource, therefore, but go back into the bustle of active practice, and, to save himself from any drudgery he might not relish, took a junior partner.

Retired merchants usually feel the time hang exceedingly heavy, if they retain any of the activity which helped them in earlier life to make a fortune. The hours of the counting-house, or the exchange, are usually as rigidly regular as those of a school or a cotton factory, and the periodical feelings and actions thence induced by reading the necessary letters on the arrival of the post, and writing the necessary replies in time for the mail, are nearly as imperative in their influence as the periodical desire of smoking or sleeping. Smollett has illustrated this most exquisitely in his characters of Trunnon and Tom Pipes, in *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Sterne*, in Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim. No rural interests can ever be brought to replace periodical habits which have been the growth of half a lifetime; for though they may do very well for an hour or a day, for a holiday or a by-start, as the man of business finds in his suburban villa, in the mornings and evenings, or on Sundays, yet they will not supply the staple of his every-day life; and unless he becomes besotted, or dozes away his hours in sleep, he must be miserable in retirement.

In a word, all our actions and feelings have a very strong tendency to become periodical, the bad no less than the good. It therefore behoves us to watch well over the first symptoms of periodicity in any action or feeling that it may be improper or inconvenient to indulge. More particularly, those who have the management of children and young people ought to foster the tendencies in question, in all circumstances of a beneficial kind, and as carefully check the growth of

habits of an objectionable nature. The instances above referred to, of persons retired from business, strongly prove the popular adage, that what is bred in the bone is ill to come out of the flesh; and hence the importance of early grounding youth in periodical habits of good tendency, and eradicating or counter-working all those of an opposite character.

A FEW PECULIARITIES OF THE GERMANS.

THE Germans, among whom we include the Prussians, along with the inhabitants of the small states on the banks of the Rhine, may be reckoned at once the most intellectual and industrious of the continental nations. Although less plodding in pursuit of trade than the Dutch, they greatly excel that people in intellectual capacity, and are far before the French in respect of literary enterprise and moral qualities. It is from the Germans that most of our free institutions, and many of the greatest discoveries in science and art, have proceeded; among the rest the art of printing, without which Europe would still have been in a state of comparative barbarism. It is observed by all travellers that there is extremely little bustle or confusion among the Germans; they are fond of doing all things quietly. Nothing, indeed, seems more regular than the motions of a German; uniformity, so often exclaimed against as dull and insipid, being to him the very charm and joy of life. It is, indeed, the great characteristic of the Germans; and though no people think more, or exercise their minds in more subtle questionings, they substitute an even and quiet demeanour for the vivacious fickleness in which others are commonly embroiled.

There was a time in the history of the Germans when they stood attainted in the eyes of the world of a grievous propensity, which seems now happily and entirely suppressed. I refer to an aptitude for intoxication, which every German was understood to possess in a peculiar manner. Thus, in Moliere, drunkenness never finds a fit representative but in the person of a German, so that the stigma, being so perfectly national, became in time a sort of proverb, and “drunk as a German” was held to express the last stage of brutal excess. The progress of education, or some other equally powerful cause, has entirely eradicated this outrageous evil, and no people under the sun are less addicted to the grovelling passion than the modern Teutonics. Some traces of it, indeed, may still be found in the lowest class; postilions are still to be urged to a little speed by *schnaps*; but the great body of the people, of all ages and conditions, observe a most befitting moderation. It is now a matter of wonder and surprise to see a drunken man in the street of the largest town in Germany, so that a completely effective revolution in morals has been accomplished in this country, which it is to be hoped will find imitators in every region of the globe. In no places more than in those set apart for public recreation and amusement, is the sobriety of the people more strongly displayed. In the greatest crowds, all riot and confusion, brawling, fighting, and imprecating, give place to quietness and order, peace and good nature. A shopkeeper takes his wife and children to a tea and music garden, and can find there no inducement to dissipation nor incentive to crime. The same resort is frequented by his customers and his shopmen, all classes mingling in the same assembly, without feeling contaminated by the intermixture. This is at once a proof of the orderly feeling which pervades the mass, permitting females of the most respectable classes in society to venture into such public places without incurring a risk of the smallest insult, or of having any sense polluted. Here is certainly the great feature in Germany, that the same amusements are partaken of by all—one order of recreation serving for high and low, rich and poor. The benefits of such a course of things are not to be calculated in a social point of view; and one of the chief causes of the comparative absence of crime in Germany, is doubtless to be traced to the rational manner in which the people are accustomed to pass their leisure hours.

The interior of a German household conveys the picture of a state of perfect cleanliness. The floors are scrubbed into a shining brightness, but there are no warm carpets to give an air of comfort. The furniture is arranged in seemly order, but it is scanty and seldom rich. It is a rare circumstance to find a house contain much more than what is actually necessary for the convenience of the family, amongst the households of the middle classes. Ornamental furniture is seldom discovered; and though every thing is maintained in propriety, a bare and chilly aspect is imparted to the rooms in the eyes of one accustomed to the British mode of furnishing houses. In this circumstance is perceptible, possibly, that feeling so much stronger in the British islands than in any other country, of centering all joy and happiness in *home*; whilst on the Continent people are disposed to seek gratifications out of doors. At the same time, hospitality is far from being despised in Germany, dinner parties on a mo-

derate and unostentatious scale being very frequent amongst the people. At such entertainments little formality or constraint is imposed on host or guest. The master of the house and his wife take their seats at table indiscriminately with the others, no head or foot of the table being cognisable on such occasions. The dishes are all served round, already cut up, hashed, or sliced, so that each person helps himself according to his own estimate as to appetite, having no occasion to employ his own abilities or those of others in carving or dissecting dishes. A bottle of French or Rhine wine, in the black bottle, being generally placed in front of each guest, it is not expected that he shall wait to be invited to its discussion, but shall, as it comports with his humour or his thirst, make himself master of its contents when it pleases him. The lady at whose side he is placed, relies upon his politeness for a small supply during the repast, but it is rarely that the etiquette of pledging each other passes between the male guests. The principal dish at a German dinner is that which appears last, and concludes the entertainment. This is a large and richly spiced cake, and, on its appearance, the eyes of the ladies, especially, glisten with unequalled satisfaction. The fair sex, indeed, seem devoted to sweetmeats, and devour them with an admirable complacency and voracity. To the indulgence in this darling taste may be attributed, in great measure, the decay which so early in life attacks the teeth of German ladies. They, however, have a very different opinion of the matter, and attribute so melancholy a deformity to any cause but that which would interfere with a gratification so highly cherished. I once sat next a lady at a dinner party in Berlin, who was distinguished in conversation for equal brilliancy and good sense, but who positively declined to drink wine on the ground of the injury it did her teeth. A countenance highly prepossessing and animated was entirely disfigured by the loss already experienced in those essential ornaments of the human face, and I felt that she had every reason to guard herself from any indulgence which might be further hurtful. But when the sugared-cake was handed round, I could not avoid a smile at the eagerness with which the same lady landed upon her plate a double portion, which she disposed herself to eat with additional fervour, as the preceding dishes had obtained little regard from her. She was instantly aware of what was passing in my mind, for, turning herself from her occupation for a moment, she said, "Sweetmeats agree with me perfectly, whilst I am always ill if I eat too much fish or flesh." As a woman's reason is always indisputable, I instantly bowed, in full conviction of its force in this instance.

It is not until coffee is announced that the ladies retire from the dinner table. Upon their rising, a scene is exhibited which has something singular in it for a person who witnesses it for the first time. An exclamation of joy breaks from all present, and the host and hostess, in an apparent transport of affection, rush into each other's arms, and exchange kisses with all imaginable ardour. When the host has sufficiently done honour to his wife's lips, he turns to the fair portion of his guests, and salutes their damask cheeks with an alacrity on his part, and a resignation on theirs, in an equal degree enchanting. In the mean time, his guests are not idle in properly sustaining the duties which devolve upon them. Such of them as are emboldened by relationship or great intimacy, advance to the salutation of lips and cheeks with the most engaging mien possible, whilst others of a more timid cast, or whom mere acquaintance restrains to a less warm complimentary exposition, advance more diffidently. The ceremony being thus in its several parts properly gone through, the ladies file off into the apartment prepared for them, and the gentlemen, being left to themselves, engage in a renewed combat of kisses amongst themselves, wherein they display a yet greater zeal; for it frequently happens that the testimonial which a man whom you see for the first time gives you of his abundant friendship, leads him first to the lips, then to each of the cheeks in succession, so that in a large party you may inhale other odours than those of the lily and the rose. At length the hubbub subsides, the minds of all are subdued into a calm placidity, the seats at the table are resumed, and for another half hour the sociability of the dinner board is maintained. By this time the tea urn is smoking in a neighbouring saloon, the tattling of female voices is heard, the piano sends forth its sweet notes—all which leads incontinently to a break-up, and a transference of homage from the dinner-hall to the seat of the Graces and Muses.

Of all the qualities which distinguish the Germans, a love of music seems the most strong and universal. It pervades the inhabitants of every part of Germany, so that it is scarcely possible to meet a German whose taste for music has not led him to the mastery of some instrument. It is well known how admirable and sublime their music is, and how many great composers have left their masterpieces behind them, the pride and glory of the country. The Italian music, more ornamental and lively, speaks less to the feelings than the German, nothing being comparable to its mystic grandeur and deep expression. How the passion for music becomes so strong and general amongst a people, whilst it remains weak and partial amongst their neighbours, is a wonder, physiological or moral, not yet fully accounted for; but it certainly appears at first view singular that those intricate and difficult pieces which in other regions are mastered only by professors,

are here the ordinary exercises of young people of all classes. I had once, upon an interesting occasion, an opportunity of witnessing how widely extended the knowledge of superior music is in all parts of Germany. At a small town on the confines of Prussian Poland, situated in a district far from being highly favoured by nature, and possessing no advantages from commerce or manufactures, a concert was announced to be given during a short stay I was making in the vicinity. Two circumstances recommended it to support—it was for the benefit of a poor widow and her family, recently deprived of their protector by a melancholy accident; and the performers in it were the young men and women in the town, no professional person being employed upon the occasion. I think no performance I ever attended gave me such unmixed satisfaction. The community was poor and secluded, their habitation having no mark in the map of Europe. Yet was the concert-room crowded in the furtherance of true and unostentatious charity. There was no pomp of equipage or attire, but a simple cheerfulness supplied the place of factitious ornament. The orchestra was slightly elevated at one end, and the spectators sat on benches placed down the room. The young girls who were to sing were placed in the front row, the young men being arranged behind, either to take part in the concert vocally or instrumentally. The music was selected from Mozart, Beethoven, and Meyerbeer, the most abstruse of the German masters. Every piece was nevertheless executed in a faultless manner. Three of the young girls took in turns the solos, their companions rising to the choruses. The self-possession of these youthful performers, drawn for the first time from domestic privacy into a public exposure, was in no degree disturbed by a position so novel and prominent. Yet, with very few exceptions, they were the sons and daughters of small dealers and shopkeepers. Their number altogether was about fifty, the population of the town not exceeding eight thousand. They were all very young, none certainly being above twenty-five years of age, and many not above sixteen. Their parents and relations were the audience; and it was gratifying to observe the exultation with which they regarded the performances of their children. Upon the whole, it was a scene calculated to give an exalted idea of the inhabitants of that lonely town. Not only was shown the respect in which the arts were held, and in how excellent a pursuit the youth were trained, but also how much the spirit of charity was abroad, when a whole population was assembled upon its impulse.

But if the Germans be distinguished for their musical vein, there is another article to the discussion of which they devote themselves with a surprising energy. This is tobacco, in a due respect to which they do not yield to the Turks themselves. In Spain, Italy, and France, cigars are puffed into "thin smoke" by millions, but the region of pipes is essentially in Germany. In many establishments a boy is kept for the great purpose of keeping the train of pipes in good order, and at all times replenished, who is called the *peife-knecht*, or pipe-lad. Nor is it to be imagined that his duties are light or trivial, since one individual frequently maintains a regiment of from twenty to fifty of these instruments whereon to exercise his lungs daily. Their length varies from three to six feet, and they stand ready charged in rows along the walls of the room. When friends exchange visits, they make use of the pipes thus arranged, without even waiting for a permit. It is the bounden duty of a host, if none of the fair sex be present, to provide his guests with the material and the apparatus for an uninterrupted enjoyment of smoke during the period of their sojourn. At present, persons in high rank, or who set up for great quality, do not indulge in this national propensity to any great extent; but it is not a century ago since the reigning king of Prussia established a smoking club in Berlin, where pipes and beer were the only luxuries permitted to appear. So resolute was this prince in enforcing this custom, that, by an express rule, he insisted that every person, whilst in the club-room, should have a pipe at his mouth, which to some of his courtiers was sufficiently nauseous. On a small scale this sort of establishment exists in every town in Germany. They are called *resources* and *cacinos*, and the denizens congregate there day and night for the double purpose of smoking and talking. Chess and backgammon, and sometimes cards, are likewise in full operation in these assemblies; but it matters not on what particular occupation the mind is engaged—the pipe sticks resolutely in the mouth, or is withdrawn only for a solitary moment, when the muscles are moved to the enunciation of a monosyllable. It is indeed an entertaining sight to behold these congregations of grave and demure personages shrouding themselves in an impervious atmosphere, each at regulated intervals sending forth his flake of smoke to increase the general volume. But it is the only excess to which the genius of the people carries them. Saturated with tobacco, they sit down to a plate of sour kraut, with a little piece of sausage perched in the midst, and their appetite is fully appeased. A bottle of Bavarian beer, or a glass of punch at most, supplies all that is needed in the way of liquid, and at a sober hour of the night they retire to their respective homes, and prepare for the next day's campaign, which, like all the rest, includes somewhat of business, a good deal of relaxation, and a vast quantity of smoking. As there are few towns in Germany where any considerable traffic is carried on, a great deal of leisure is left to the middle

classes of the country, and the chief end of their existence is to mingle business and amusement together in the manner most agreeable to them, and at the same time least destructive to their purse. It is the land of reflection and of thought, though possibly not of action, in all things serious or gay, light or grave.

THE SELF-CONDENMED.

The following is one of the most striking instances of voluntary abasement, as punishment for an offence, on record:—Some time after the battle of Malplaquet, a widow lady, who resided at Calais, and whose husband, named St Lo, had lost his life in the service of his country, as she was one evening at supper with several friends, was informed by her servant that a gentleman wished to speak to her in an adjoining apartment. She found there an old officer, whose features she thought she recollects, notwithstanding his paleness and the disorder of his dress.

"Do you know me, madam?" said he. "How, sir!" cried she, surveying him with much attention; "can it be you? Are not you Monsieur Pallas?" "Yes, madam," answered he, "the same; your old friend and relation, whom you have not seen for twenty years, and who, from the rank of ensign in one of the first regiments of France, has, after forty years' service, arrived at the degree of a lieutenant-colonel in the same regiment; and after having been long honoured with the esteem and confidence of his superiors, sees himself reduced to the necessity of requesting an asylum for this night, and of entreating you to keep his arrival here an inviolable secret."

"You astonish me!" cried the lady, whose surprise equalled her concern; "what can have happened to you?" "Madam," replied he, "we have no time to lose in a long conversation. You see the condition I am in. The fatigue I have undergone, and the company you have left, who no doubt expect you soon to return, will not permit us now to enter into particulars. A bed is all I at present want. To-morrow morning you shall know my misfortunes. Give the proper orders to your domestics, and return to your friends."

The next morning the lady, whose rest had not been a little disturbed by thinking of this unexpected visitor, having rung for her servant, was informed that the stranger who had arrived the evening before, had been long up. She therefore sent to request his company; and, when he came, conjured him, by their ancient friendship, not to conceal any part of his history. "Madam," replied he, with a sigh, "to comply with your request, I must renounce your esteem. But you have a right to the truth, and I should think myself less deserving your pity, should self-respect, which I have no longer any pretensions to indulge, tempt me to hide it from you. I will confess, therefore, that a wretch, who is the most despicable of men, now implores your compassion, hoping to obtain from your goodness the only favour which the horror he feels at his present situation will permit him to request. To keep you no longer in suspense, know, then, that I, utterly unworthy of being born within these walls, heretofore so gloriously defended by our ancestors, having been appointed to defend, though it was only for a single hour, an advanced post upon which the entire success of the ensuing battle might depend. Shudder at what I am going to tell you! I, that veteran officer, who, three days before, had never known fear, and whose bravery is attested by the scars still remaining of the many wounds I have received, at sight of the enemy, forgetful at once of what I was, and what I must become, fled like a coward, an infamous coward; and so great was my panic, that, after a flight of three hours, I scarcely recovered from my terror. To crown my ignominy, I was unable, even when I felt all the excess of shame, to listen to the voice of honour, which admonished me to return to the camp, and expiate my crime by surrendering myself to the rigour of the military law. I have not blushed to present myself, degraded and despicable as I am, before you, in whose eyes I already read all the surprise and contempt which a wretch like me must naturally inspire."

At this strange recital, the lady could only express the different sensations with which she was agitated by her silence and her tears. "I never doubted, madam," continued the officer, "but you must survey me with a detestation equal to your concern; I therefore only purposed to request you would procure me a speedy passage to England, where, changing my name, I had determined to conceal my shame. But I have now abandoned this resolution, and have written a letter, which is already on its way to my general. In it I have informed him of every thing I have related to you, and have concluded by entreating him to fix a day on which I may return to the army, and surrender myself to take my trial by a court-martial; too happy if my death, by expiating a crime which has rendered life insupportable, may procure me, if not the esteem, at least the pity of my brave comrades, among whom my name must be heard with horror, and to whom my example—" "How, sir!" said the lady, interrupting him, "have you already sent this letter?" "Yes, madam; your servant carried it to the post-office two hours ago, and saw the courier ready to depart." "And should the general consent to your proposal, can you—can you certain of yourself—can you resolve?" "Yes, madam, and this resolution has already restored ease to my distracted mind. Every

attempt to induce me to change it will be fruitless. I was once brave; I turned a coward, but I will not die a coward!" "Oh, do not fear, I am inclined to hope the general, moved by your present magnanimity, will—" "Hope nothing, dear madam. Could he pardon me, I should not forgive myself; and my situation would only become a thousand times more dreadful."

Eight days after, during which time he remained concealed at his friend's house, he received the following letter from Marechal de Villars:—

"It is no doubt a most humiliating proof of the imbecility of our nature to learn that a man, whose courage has so often been tried and unquestioned for more than forty years, should on a sudden prove so wanting to himself and the most sacred of duties; but no less extraordinary is the magnanimity with which, the moment his delirium ceases, he voluntarily offers his life in expiation of his fault, and of the evil example which the misconduct he bitterly laments has given to others. Such, unhappy Pallas, is my opinion, and such that of the brave officers of my army; and since, by the laws of war, you are well convinced it would be impossible for them either to acquit you or palliate an offence of such nature, they, as well as myself, lament your sufferings too sincerely to accept the generous, or rather heroic offer, which your extreme regret has induced you to make. My wishes, therefore, and those of your former friends, most unfortunate man! are, that heaven and length of time may console and give you strength to support a calamity, the remembrance of which is no less painful to us than to yourself."

This answer, which might in some sort have proved consolatory to any other man, only served to heighten the distressful feelings of the unhappy Pallas, who, after having sent to his commander his cross of St Louis, actually condemned himself to survive what he called his *opprobrium*, and to continue at Calais, in which town there was always a numerous garrison; there to appear, the remainder of his life, in the uniform of his regiment; a striking example of the infirmities to which human nature is ever liable, and thus voluntarily devoting himself to the contempt of every officer, every soldier, and every inhabitant.

[From an old Scrap Book.]

CORALS.

CORAL has been known to the world for more than two thousand years, and yet it is only within the last few years that its true character has been properly ascertained. Most authors who had occasion to describe it, assigned it to the vegetable kingdom; an opinion founded on its plant-like appearance and growth. But coral is now known to be an animal secretion, the produce of one of the class of creatures called Polypi. The Coraliferous Polypus, as it is termed, is a small, soft, whitish body, rounded in form, and presenting, on microscopic examination, a mouth, a stomach, and a root-like base. It propagates both by division of its body into parts, which form an animal as complete as itself, and by ejecting eggs from its mouth. The method in which the polypus secretes the coral, which, when taken from the sea, is in stalks about a foot high and half an inch thick, is understood to be as follows: An egg or new animal, when ejected, falls upon some body, to which, from its gelatinous nature, it adheres. On this foundation it spreads and moulds itself, till at length from the middle of it a sort of excrescence rises upwards, containing the germ of a new animal, which attains its growth by degrees, and sends up a similar extension. These deposit calcareous or chalky matter in the middle, and by the constant generation of new polypi, and the secretion of additional matter, the coral, at the end of ten years, which is the period necessary for its perfect growth, has attained the height and thickness mentioned. It is of various colours, red, vermillion, and white, the latter being most common, and consequently least valuable. When taken out of the sea, it is covered with moss and marine vegetable matter, and is generally somewhat softer and duller in hue than it ultimately becomes, on undergoing similar processes of cleaning, polishing, and boring, as those to which pearls are subjected.

The coral fisheries form a very considerable trade in several parts of the Mediterranean, to which sea they are almost entirely confined. From the hollows and caverns of the rocks, where it takes root, the coral is brought up with nets; it also grows, but in less quantities, on the sides of the ocean crags. The greatest height to which it attains is never above a foot, and its usual thickness is about that of the little finger, though often much less. The most extensive fisheries are those carried on in the Straits of Messina, off the Sicilian coast, and about three miles distant generally from the land. The fishermen have divided the whole tract, about six miles in length, into ten parts. Every year they fish only in one of these parts, and do not interfere with it again till ten years have elapsed, for the purpose of bringing away only such coral as has attained its full growth. When the fishermen transgress this law, they find the coral in fact always smaller and of softer consistence, and the colour is never so intense or beautiful. At the end of the ten years, the fishermen consider it as destructive to the value of the coral to let it remain; for, in their opinion, the coral wastes away after that period, or possibly the polypi die. These opinions, which are

the result of experience, are not inconsistent with the laws which govern the rest of the animal kingdom.

Eighteen or twenty ships usually go together in the Messines fishery, each of which is under the management of eight men. The current in the straits being strong, there is often considerable difficulty in effecting the object, but the annual exports show that a large amount is procured upon the whole. There are two instruments chiefly employed for raising the coral. The one is a long spar, retained by two cords from above, and sunk by a weight in the middle; one end is provided with an iron hoop eighteen inches in diameter, opening into a strong hemispherical net. At the opposite sides of the hoop are two other nets, approaching to a triangular and conical form, descending far below. The second implement consists of two long cross bars fixed in the middle, through which a cord passes for retaining it above, and where also a cannon shot is lodged to carry it down. At each of the four extremities of the spars, there is a deep pyramidal net, with meshes of unequal width. These implements are carried to sea in barks often inferior to them in length, so that the fishing is not without danger. These instruments being lowered to the bottom of the sea, the coral is entangled in them, and generally brought away in broken pieces, though the fishermen strive if possible to get it away by the base or roots.

The appearance of the coral as it is observed in the sea, is said to resemble a miniature forest, from its great quantity and branching character. The greatest portion is procured from a depth of from sixty to a hundred and twenty-five feet; but some fisheries are carried on to the depth of nine hundred feet. Those on the coasts of Marseilles, Barbary, and Trapani, are the principal rivals to the Sicilian fisheries in the European market, but none of them produce the coral in equal quantities, or of equal quality, with the latter. From Messina three thousand pounds are said to be exported annually; the price of which is so much affected by the colour and quality, that, while some of it is valued at ten guineas a pound, other portions are considered not worth ten pence. The vermillion coloured coral, being the rarest, is the most expensive. The common red, however, brings a high price also, when the quality is good. Chemical analysis has proved that the coral consists of carbonate of lime, a species of chalk, for it dissolves completely in aqua fortis, or nitric acid.

Though we may regard with some degree of wonder the production of stalks of coral by a small oyster-like polypus, our astonishment cannot fail to be increased when we consider, that, by an animal of the same size and species as the coraliferous polypus, whole reefs of great extent, and even islands, have been founded and originated. The animal or polypus that accomplishes this is called the Madrepore, and has long been erroneously considered as identical with the coral polypus; hence the masses of land alluded to have received the appellation of coral reefs and islands. These have never yet been found in any extent excepting in the Pacific and Asiatic seas, but in these immense waters the coral rocks and reefs are abundant. The madrepores, with gradual but incessant labour, elevate from their fixed bases their foliaceous expansions, and form in the depths of the ocean a groundwork, on and around which, sand, shells, pebbles, mud, and other substances, are deposited by degrees, till, in the course of time, a reef is formed, which, if in a favourable position, may extend till it merits the name of an island. Many islands in the seas we have mentioned, present on examination a deep calcareous soil, which is considered by naturalists as composed of polyparia, or the depositions of polypi. Others of these islands show marks of volcanic origin, having been probably upheaved by the action of internal fires from the bosom of the deep. Such a cause as this, however, is plainly commensurate with the effect attributed to it; but that large islands should have been originated by the labour of mere worms, must strike every one with astonishment, and show us what insignificant means are competent, under the guidance of Nature, to the working out of her grand designs.

HOW CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS ARE SUPPORTED. LOOKING over the evidence of Mr James Simpson before a select committee of the House of Commons in July last year, we see a very remarkable instance adduced of the inadequacy and injustice of leaving schools and charitable institutions to be supported by the free-will offerings of the benevolent. When asked if schools should be left to be supported by contributions in preference to compulsory assessment, he answered as follows: "Contributions have been found to furnish so small and inadequate an extent of funds, and to be so very precarious, now flourishing and now decaying, that often seminaries so supported have fallen. On that ground alone—their utter inefficiency to maintain any thing like a national education—I should conceive, that, were any considerable portion even of the necessary funds to be trusted to free-will contributions, we should never see national education. Besides the inefficiency of such a mode of support, there is the element of gross injustice in it, and that to certainly not the least deserving portion of the community, the benevolent. Unhappily, that portion of the community is small. I believe it can be statistically stated, for it appears from the list of names in most places for the support of the various charities,

that the same individuals can almost be noted, and are known to those who take an active part in the management of the charities. I have been at pains to ascertain it with regard to Edinburgh, where there is a population of nearly 150,000. I believe that the amount of those who ever put their hands in their pockets for a charitable purpose in which there is no show—for that last is a very material ingredient—does not exceed 1500, and that they are not on the increase, but, on the contrary, from the variations of the times, of which all are at present complaining, even that 1500 are reduced; and I have heard from a gentleman who is better informed than myself, that he can almost name the individual contributors to all the charities, not only educational, but all others; he can count them, and they do not exceed 1200. There is here so inadequate a source of support, that, even were there no oppression, and no injustice in it, to trust to it would be preposterous. But when we consider that this small remnant who support all the charities, are to be called on to support education, the injustice of it is so glaring, that it ought not to succeed. An opinion seems to pass current from mouth to mouth, without being properly considered, that it would be to interfere with the free course of benevolence and of charity to substitute a rate for subscription."—On being asked, Is it the best way to encourage charity and benevolence to oppress and overload them?—he answered, "I should think not; it recalls the sarcastic observation of Voltaire's Candide, who accounts for shooting Admiral Byng, by saying, 'it was for the encouragement of others.' It is not the best way to encourage charity, in a community of 150,000, to oppress 1200 persons who have the misfortune to be benevolent, while all the others look on and refuse to touch the burthen with one of their fingers." This gives us a curious idea of the state of benevolent feeling in Edinburgh—and it is perhaps the same every where else—a certain number of good-hearted individuals supporting all the charitable institutions in the town, while the remainder of the population stand aloof, but most assiduously render a due measure of applause.

ATMOSPHERIC ILLUSIONS IN INDIA.

PERSONS long accustomed to watch those periodical such as the wind, which occur in hot climates with such wonderful regularity every day, can often tell, by some intuitive consciousness, not capable of communication to inexperienced senses, almost the very moment when the long looked-for sea-breeze is coming. I remember, at Madras, sitting one day in the inner room of a friend's house, who had been my schoolfellow a dozen years before—now, alas! nearly twenty years in his grave. He was telling me of his quickness of perception in this matter, as we sat baking and stewing in what is called a garden-house on the far-famed Choulti Plain. My friend's quickness of sight beat that of the pig's (who, every one knows, can see the wind), for he declared he could see the calm, and, calling me to the verandah, pointed out this wonderful sight. The whole landscape appeared to have given way, like molten silver, under the heat, and to be moving past more like a troubled stream than the solid ground. The trees and shrubs seen under a variety of refractions, through differently heated strata of air, seemed all in violent motion, though probably not one leaf of the highest cocoa-nut tree, nor a single blade of the lowest grass, stirred in reality. The buildings in the distance looked as if their foundations had been removed, while the shattered and broken walls danced to and fro, as if under the influence of some magical principles of attraction and repulsion; whilst many patches of imaginary water—the celebrated "mirage" of the desert—floating where no water could have existed, mocked our sight in this fantastic landscape.

Not a human being was then to be seen. The blue-skinned buffaloes, and the queer-looking Indian bullocks with humps on their shoulders, squeezed themselves under the skirts of the aloe and bamboo hedges. Others, pre-eminently happy, poor beasts! in order to escape the intolerable misery of the mosquitoes, immersed themselves in the muddy tanks or ponds, beneath the surface of which they contrived to hide every part of their bodies except the top of their nostrils, with just as much of their eyes as they could keep clear by the brush of their eyelids. Even our native bearers, who in general seem marvellously indifferent to the sun, had lifted the palankeens into the shade, and, with their wrappers over their heads, lay sleeping about the steps of the verandah in the coolest corners they could find. I tried first one chair, then another; then flung myself on a cane-bottomed sofa, seeking for rest, but all in vain. I next stretched myself flat on my back on the polished chunam floor, directly under the punkah, with my white jacket thrown open, neck-cloth cast away, and collar unbuttoned. It was still no purpose. The more moves I made, the worse became the oppression of the heat; and, for once in my life, I had very nearly confessed that it might possibly be rather too hot—when, just in time to save my credit for consistency, my friend clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Here comes the sea-breeze! I see it! I feel it! I hear it! huzza for your life!" I, however, could see nothing, nor feel any thing; yet it was evident that all the experienced men of the party did. The bearers stationed to cast water on the tatties had already commenced their operations, and a slight touch of the aromatic perfume of the delicious cucus began

to pervade the room. On walking towards the opening between two of the tatties, and looking towards the sea, I could distinctly perceive the intermediate scenery settling into its natural position by the more uniform arrangement of the various strata of air forming the medium through which the objects were viewed.

I believe all the curious phenomena of the mirage are easily explained, upon the supposition, that, under certain circumstances, the lower stratum of air may become actually lighter than those which are next above it. The effect of this will be obvious to those who have attended to the subject of atmospherical refraction, the usual effect of which, as every one knows, is to elevate objects, or make them seem higher than they really are. But the unusual effect, or that caused by the contact of hot ground rendering the lowest portion of the air specifically lighter than the superincumbent layers, is to make high objects seem to the eye lower than they really are. Thus, what we fancy to be water between two ridges of sand highly heated, is nothing more than a portion of the clear sky, the rays from which, in passing through the intermediate atmosphere, having entered the warm and rarified stratum in contact with the sand, are refracted to the eye in a manner which impresses on the sense of vision an image of the sky; and this so closely resembles the surface of still water, that the deception becomes at times quite complete. The tendency of the colder and heavier air above to mix with that which is hotter and lighter beneath it, is of course very considerable: the consequence is, that near the line of contact of the two media, there occurs an intermixture of air differing in density, and therefore in refractive power. Hence every object viewed through this troubled or heterogeneous part of the atmosphere must inevitably seem broken, distorted, and in motion.

Dr Wollaston, who was, I conceive, the first to explain all these, and many other attendant phenomena, has also, with his usual ingenuity, suggested several popular experiments to prove the truth of his theory. (See the Philosophical Transactions for 1800.) One is, to place some water, or clear syrup, in a square phial, and then add spirits of wine, or any other fluid of a different specific gravity, taking care not to allow them to intermix too suddenly, but to arrange matters so that the adjustment may take place gradually. Objects viewed through the phial, as the intermixtures takes place, will undergo inversions and other variations in form and position similar to those of the mirage.—*Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

THE GIN PALACES.

THE extensive scale on which the gin palaces (that is, splendid shops for the sale of intoxicating liquors) are established in London, and the ostentatious manner in which the business of even the smallest among them is divided into branches, is most amusing. A handsome plate of ground glass in one door directs you to the "Counting-house;" another to the "Bottle Department;" a third, to the "Wholesale Department;" a fourth, to the "Wine Promenade," and so forth, until we are in daily expectation of meeting with a "Brandy Bell," or a "Whisky Entrance." Then ingenuity is exhausted in devising attractive titles for the different descriptions of gin; and the dram-drinking portion of the community, as they gaze upon the gigantic white and black announcements, which are only to be equalled in size by the figures beneath them, are left in a state of pleasing hesitation between "the Cream of the Valley," "the Out and Out," "the No Mistake," "the Good for Mixing," "the real Knock-me-down," "the celebrated Butter Gin," "the regular Flare-up," and a dozen other equally inviting and wholesome liqueurs. Although places of this description are to be met with in every second street, they are invariably numerous and splendid in precise proportion to the dirt and poverty of the surrounding neighbourhood. The ginshops in and near Drury Lane, Holborn, St Giles's, Covent Garden, and Clare Market, are the handsomest in London—there is more filth and squalid misery near those great thoroughfares than in any part of this mighty city.

We will endeavour to sketch the bar of a large ginshop, and its ordinary customers, for the edification of such of our readers as may not have had opportunities of observing such scenes; and on the chance of finding one well suited to our purpose, we will make for Drury Lane, through the narrow streets and dirty courts which divide it from Oxford Street, and that classical spot adjoining the brewery at the bottom of Tottenham-court-road, best known to the initiated as the "Rookery." The filthy and miserable appearance of this part of London can hardly be imagined by those (and there are many such) who have not witnessed it. Wretched houses, with broken windows patched with rags and paper, every room let out to a different family, and in many instances to two, or even three: fruit and "sweet-stuff" manufacturers in the cellars; barbers and red-herring venders in the front parlours; cobblers in the back; a bird-fancier in the first floor, three families on the second; starvation in the attics; Irishmen in the passage; a "musician" in the front kitchen, and a charwoman and five hungry children in the back one—filth every where—a gutter before the houses and a drain behind them—clothes drying at the windows, slops emptying from the ditto; girls of fourteen or fifteen, with matted hair, walking about barefooted, and in old white greatcoats, almost their only covering; boys of all ages, in coats of all sizes, and no coats

at all; men and women, in every variety of scanty and dirty apparel, lounging about, scolding, drinking, smoking, squabbling, fighting, and swearing.

You turn the corner. What a change! All is light and brilliancy. The hum of many voices issues from that splendid ginshop which forms the commencement of the two streets opposite, and the gay building with the fantastically ornamented parapet, the illuminated clock, the plate-glass windows surrounded by stucco rosettes, and its profusion of gas-lights in richly gilt burners, is perfectly dazzling when contrasted with the darkness and dirt we have just left. The interior is even gayer than the exterior. A bar of French-polished mahogany, elegantly carved, extends the whole width of the place; and there are two side-aisles of great casks, painted green and gold, enclosed within a light brass rail, and bearing such inscriptions as "Old Tom, 549;" "Young Tom, 360;" "Sampson, 1421." Behind the bar is a lofty and spacious saloon, full of the same enticing vessels, with a gallery running round it, equally well furnished. On the counter, in addition to the usual spirit apparatus, are two or three little baskets of cakes and biscuits, which are carefully secured at the top with wicker-work, to prevent their contents being unlawfully abstracted. Behind it are two showily-dressed damsels with large necklaces, dispensing the spirits and "compounds." They are assisted by the ostensible proprietor of the concern, a stout coarse fellow in a fur cap, put on very much on one side to give him a knowing air, and display his sandy whiskers to the best advantage.

Look at the groups of customers, and observe the different air with which they call for what they want, as they are more or less struck by the grandeur of the establishment. The two old washerwomen, who are seated on the little bench to the left of the bar, are rather overcome by the head-dresses and haughty demeanour of the young ladies who officiate; and receive their half-quarter of gin-and-peppermint with considerable deference, prefacing a request for "one of them soft biscuits," with a "just be good enough, ma'am," &c. They are quite astonished at the impudent air of the young fellow in the brown coat and white buttons, who, ushering in his two companions, and walking up to the bar in as careless a manner as if he had been used to green and gold ornaments all his life, winks at one of the young ladies with singular coolness, and calls for a "kervotent and a three-out glass," just as if the place were his own.

Observe the group on the other side: those two old men who came in "just to have a drin," finished their third quarter a few seconds ago; they have made themselves crying drunk, and the fat comfortable looking elderly women, who had "a glass of rum-sud" each, having chimed in with their complaints on the hardness of the times, one of the women has agreed to stand a glass round, jocularly observing, that "grief never mended no broken bones; and as good people's very scarce, what I says is, make the most on 'em, and that's all about it;" a sentiment which appears to afford unlimited satisfaction to those who have nothing to pay.

It is growing late, and the throng of men, women, and children, who have been constantly going in and out, dwindle down to two or three occasional stragglers—cold wretched-looking creatures, in the last stage of emaciation and disease. The knot of Irish labourers at the lower end of the place, who have been alternately shaking hands with, and threatening the life of, each other for the last hour, become furious in their disputes; and finding it impossible to silence one man, who is particularly anxious to adjust the difference, they resort to the infallible expedient of knocking him down and jumping on him afterwards. Out rush the man in the fur cap, and the pot-boy: a scene of riot and confusion ensues: half the Irishmen get shut out, and the other half get shut in: the pot-boy is knocked in among the tubs in no time; the landlord hits every body, and every body hits the landlord; the barmaids scream; in come the police, and the rest is a confused mixture of arms, legs, staves, torn coats, shouting, and struggling. Some of the party are borne off to the station-house, and the remainder slink home to beat their wives for complaining, and kick the children for daring to be hungry. Out rush the man in the fur cap, and the pot-boy: a scene of riot and confusion ensues: half the Irishmen get shut out, and the other half get shut in: the pot-boy is knocked in among the tubs in no time; the landlord hits every body, and every body hits the landlord; the barmaids scream; in come the police, and the rest is a confused mixture of arms, legs, staves, torn coats, shouting, and struggling. Some of the party are borne off to the station-house, and the remainder slink home to beat their wives for complaining, and kick the children for daring to be hungry.

[From "Sketches by Boz," a work which we have already recommended to the perusal of our readers.]

GREAT DOINGS OF THE PARISIANS.—A writer in a late number of a London magazine, speaks with commendation of the Parisian municipality having devoted five and a half millions of francs for architectural embellishments. It appears to us that the Parisians would have been more deserving of praise had they resolved on laying out their money in the establishment of common sewers, lamps, and foot pavements. But every one to his taste. The French prefer Corinthian columns to cleanliness, and triumphal arches to gas works.

THE LOST SPOON RECOVERED.—Acerbi, in his "Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, to the North Cape," relates the following singular anecdote:—A gentleman of Uleborg, a town of Bothnia, in Sweden, went thence by sea to Stockholm: on his return, the ship's steward, in cleaning the plate after dinner, let fall into the sea a silver spoon, which, as it afterwards appeared, was swallowed by a salmon. The day after, this very salmon made his way up the river, near Uleborg, and was caught by a fisherman.

The fisherman sold the spoon to a silversmith, who, on recognising the cypher, immediately conveyed it to the gentleman's wife. The lady, who had not received any intelligence from her husband since his departure from Uleborg, was struck with the belief that he had been shipwrecked; and this seemed the more probable, as his return had been delayed by contrary winds. The gentleman at last consoled his afflicted wife by his re-appearance, and amused her with a recital of the mode in which the silver spoon had been lost.

CARE OF AN AMERICAN MOTHER.—A lady took a child to physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful. "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he looked at the child, and then took a pinch of snuff. "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better." "You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?" "Upon my word, it is the best remedy I know of." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water."—*Anecdotes of the Family Circle.*

ENGLAND AND SPAIN.—The number of newspapers in England is about two hundred and thirty, and the annual average number of convictions for murder is thirteen or fourteen. The number of newspapers in Spain, a few years ago, was ONE, and the annual number of convictions for murder was upwards of twelve hundred. "A little learning is a dangerous thing!"

TO A BLIGHTE D BLOSSOM.

Ah, blossom blighted, luckless, lone,
Thy fragrance fled, thy beauty gone,
No eye regards thee now.
Like wild weeds on a nameless grave,
Thy melancholy petals wave
Upon thy parent bough.
But late in all thy rich array,
Thou glist'rd the coronal of May
As Iris gems the skies.
Thy rival sisters shrunk abased,
Whilst bards beside thee paused and gazed
With wonder-stricken eyes.
Why didst thou droop, thou tender thing,
Ere yet the birds have ceased to sing
Their joyous summer song?
Why didst thou die, fair flower, while yet
The pearly dew was lingering wet
That should have nursed thee long?
Was it with thee, as oft in life,
Where envy vows eternal strife
With merit's modest claim?
Did malice, with her demon scowl,
Dark lowering, pour her venom foul
Forth on thy morn of fame?
If sooth imaginings guess,
Thou art not all companionless
In thy dejected state.
Like thee, hath many a genius proud
Found refuge in an early shroud,
Beyond the reach of fate.
Farewell! no prescient power is mine;
But should my lot resemble thine,
Should fortune's biting blast
Rave round my dark devoted head,
If conscience here her halo shed,
I'll brave it to the last.

KEY TO NEW GARLAND OF FLOWERS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Snow Drop. | 21. Carnation. |
| 2. Iris. | 22. Solomon's Seal. |
| 3. Narcissus. | 23. Honesty. |
| 4. Belladonna. | 24. Monk's Hood. |
| 5. Crown Imperial. | 25. Meadow Sweet. |
| 6. Bachelor's Button. | 26. Hawk's Weed. |
| 7. St John's Wort. | 27. Golden Rod. |
| 8. Candy Tuft. | 28. Dog's Tooth. |
| 9. Trefoil. | 29. Balm of Gilead. |
| 10. Foxglove. | 30. Pansey. |
| 11. Snapdragon. | 31. Periwinkle. |
| 12. House Leek. | 32. Crocus. |
| 13. Shamrock. | 33. Primrose. |
| 14. Heath. | 34. Heart's Ease. |
| 15. Harebell. | 35. Virginia Stock. |
| 16. Bluebell. | 36. Jacob's Ladder. |
| 17. Wallflower. | 37. Sage. |
| 18. White Lychness. | 38. Lady's Slipper. |
| 19. Forget-Me-Not. | 39. Cornflag. |
| 20. Jessamine. | 40. Ranunculus. |

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place; and ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row, London. Agents—John Macleod, 20, Argyle Street, Glasgow; George Young, Dublin; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Nova Scotia, and United States of America.

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Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, 81 Andrew Street; and printed at the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.